

# THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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**THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.**  
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Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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**William Wallace**, Grocer and Provision Merchant, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

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**George E. Hubbard**, Dealer in Stores, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spikes, Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's Piles, and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware. Job work done on short notice. Corner of Washington and First sts., Grand Haven, Mich.

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**J. F. Chubb**, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Thrashing Machines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all kinds of Farming Tools and Machinery. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Phoenix Insurance**!—Special attention is called to this Company for Insurance as being one of the safest and best conducted in the United States. It is the "Old Phoenix," of Hartford, Connecticut. Farmers in this county are particularly directed to this Company as giving priority security to their dwellings and barns, at low rates.  
ISAAC HUNTING, Agent, Grand Haven, Mich.

## THE WORLD TO COME.

This world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears  
There's a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

For the Grand Haven News.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

PUDDEVILLE, Nov thirty, 1863.

**MISTER EDDYTUR:** I am still a livin' man! I cum with in 1 of bein' drafted, for my next dore nabur ware taken.—When he found he had drawn a prise he ware terrible mad; for the space of 3 days and 3 nites he new no more what to do with it than the man that drew the elephant. He kussed the administrashun kussed the ab'lishinists and the niggers for bringin' on the war, and wished them all in davy joneses lockit (as shakspear has it), though just afore the draft he war goin' it all blue for the government, attendin' war mentin's, tellin' how it ware the dooty of ev'ry man (but himself) to go to the war, or send a substitute, or contribute the money to help somebody else to go (he never giv a cent) and bellered himself ho'rse in his sterriin' appeals of patriotism. But when the hippercriticle kuss found he ware drafted, and got a little over his ball madness, he sot his wits to work (as shakspear has it) to git out of the onpleasant predicament—for he ware two cowardly to go, and two stingee to furnish a substitute. Nater had favor'd him with an all-kn-slumux big bale, rite on his shin, and it ware not entirely heeled; so he bounded it up fast with 1 of Herrick's Shuger-koted plasters, then with a cabbage leaf, as big as a moon, and then and there wound round as munny thick neeses of bandiges as en-kloses an egiptshun mummee, carefully plainin' a XX grin back in its folds, tide his kotten pokit kankerchef over the spot, on the outside of his trowser loons, and went to the provoste marshal's offfis, limp in and gruntin' long. He told the provoste marshal (the lyin' curse) that he had a fever sonr there when a boy; that it broke out periodically and run, and slutt, and play'd the mischef with him ginally. He then commenced to unwind the bandiges; the XX grin back dropt on the floor, causin' the i of the provoste marshal to twinkel with delite (as shakspear has it)—he ware a friend of grin backs—byme bi he kum to the cabbage leaf, then to the plaster, which he was 1/2 of a'nour remoo'n, it hert so orfully. The sonr did look a little bad. The provoste marshal look'd at it, and havin' heerd he ware a man bilin' over with lav of kountry (as shakspear has it) he 'blieved his story and made him out his sirtifikate of discharge. Where upon my nabur—his face awl rickled with the pane of his fee ver sonr—presented the provoste marshal with the XX grin backs (he ware a friend to grin backs), sayin' it ware two bad the government didn't appreshiate talent, and cood only afford to pay ten dollars a day for sich distingwished services, and he w'd make him a present of the XX grin back as a marke of his speshial regard. When the sitizens of Puddlevil found out the desepshun practised by my hippercriticle, lyin', theavein', cheetin' nabur they ware all rile'd up and most pesky mad for the space of five days and 5 nites, and talk'd of ride'n him on a rale, and so forth, but somehow didn't git at it. For my part i had the nite mare, 3 consiekutive nites on the okasion, my feelings ware so har-rur'd up (as shakspear has it); for i no that a man that w'd so robb the gov'rment wood steel the butter off the last frittar of a blind pawpur—extract the brass nails from off his own farther's coffin, and offer 'em for sale at publick aukshun, or open the grave of his deceased muther

and cut off her silk'n tres ses (as shakspear calls it) and sell 'em to the wigg makers. But, Mr. eddytur, we have sum mity meen men in the world, and the draft is one of the peecoler institushuns to develop karnatur. I find sum men who kall others "kopper-heads," "traiters," "innymes to the government," and so on, becaws they warnt allars rautin' and takin' on orfully about the kountry and the war, who themselves soon'r than go to the war or pay 1 sent for the benefit of the government wood see ev'ry tail feather, and pin feather, pluckt from the gal-larious eagle of our kountry (not the Grand Rapids Eagle, whoos eddytur didn't go nor wouldn't no how); see ev'ry star blot-tid from the selebrated star-spangeld banner, its stripes all torn in shreds and skat-ard to the 4 winds of heaven (as shakspear has it) and the kountry itself bekum a heap of unsitely ruins, while utters who say but littel sholder the muskit and go rite along, or pay their munny for utters to go. Yis, mistur eddytur it ar a strange world.

Yours for the war.

KORF'RAL MANNING.

## New Steam Carriage.

An ingenious mechanic, Mr. S. H. Roper, of Roxbury, Mass., has invented and put in operation a new steam wagon or buggy for common roads. It is thus described:

An ordinary four-wheel carriage has a boiler, of about sixteen inches in diameter, in the rear, with the lever regulating the steam and speed, extending over the seat in front. Beneath this boiler is the furnace, and in the rear of the boiler is a small water tank. The steam gage is on a level with the driver, and he can at a glance ascertain the amount of steam pressure. Two persons take their seats in the carriage, and off it starts, the driver guiding with one hand the front wheels, by means of a crank, and with the other hand he can regulate the speed of the engine or stop the carriage in less time than a pair of horses can be brought to a halt. Coal sufficient for one day's running can be carried beneath the seat of the carriage, and although the speed attained is that of the fastest horse, the expense of running the carriage is estimated at one cent per mile, while in operation, with the additional virtue of not costing anything in the way of feed and stabling when not in use. Lately, when the carriage was exhibited, the engine carried but fifteen and twenty pounds of steam, and yet it taxed the powers of the horses present to keep pace with its speed. The carriage and engine do not weigh more than seven hundred pounds. No difficulty was experienced in turning sharp corners or in backing.—*Scientific American.*

**Go to Work.**—The idea of "respectable employment" is the rock upon which thousands split, and shipwreck themselves and all who depend on them. All employments are respectable that bring honest gains. The laborer who is willing to turn his hands to anything is as respectable as the clerk or dapper store-tender. Indeed the man who is ready to work whenever work offers, whatever it may be, rather than lie idle and beg, is a far more respectable man than one who turns up his nose at hard labor, wears his friends with his complaints because he can get nothing respectable to do, pockets their benefactions without thankfulness, and goes on from day to day, a useless, lazy grumbler.

A new balmore shoe factory, at Hartford, is so arranged that a shoe goes thro' thirteen different hands and comes out complete in ten minutes.

FIFTY tons of grapes passed through Detroit, one day last week.

## Alligators Boarded and Lodged.

We made an excursion lately to what is called the "Muggar Tank," a lake of alligators, which lies in a small and beautifully situated grove of trees, surrounded by a range of low hills about nine miles from Karrachea. After having breakfasted, we proceeded to the spot where these hideous monsters are congregated. They are held sacred by the natives of the country, and are regularly fed by the contributions of devotees. The tank is more like an overflowed meadow than a lake, having deep channels intersecting each other, and is literally alive with these huge "muggars," some lying basking on the knolls and ridges, others floating on the surface of the deep water. They are all sizes, from a foot or two to twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and bulky in proportion. Having purchased a kid, and cut it up on the banks, there was a universal opening of their capacious jaws, which they kept distended in expectation of having a piece of flesh pitched into them; they are to lazy and to well fed to make any further demonstration. The native keeper, who feeds them, then began calling them, when they came one by one lazily along, waddling on to the shore, each took what was given him. The rapidity with which the poor kid vanished, head and heels, was truly surprising.—They knew the keeper quite well, and if any should take up what is not thrown to him, the keeper makes him drop it by striking him on the snout with his stick. Their jaws are certainly dreadful claptaps, and the crash they make when brought together is horrible, crushing the bones, even the head of their prey like so much crusk. It is possible, setting aside motives of superstition, that the inhabitants now find it necessary to feed these voracious monsters, for, were the "supplies to be stopped," they would become dangerous neighbors. In fact, they do at some times pick up and devour a stray child left on the bank by accident or design.—There are three hot springs, one of which supplies the tank, and is a temperature of about ninety-six degrees. The two others have a temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees. The water issues from the rock as pure as crystal, and in great abundance. The females of that country repair to these springs after their confinement, to perform their ablutions, and to present their sacrifices to the "muggars."—*Anglo-Indian Paper.*

**ANTIPODAL.**—In Australia it is summer in January and winter in July. It is noon there when it is midnight in Europe. The longest days are in December. The heat comes from the North, the cold from the South, and it is hottest on the mountain tops. The swans are black, the eagles are white; the bees do not sting, the birds do not sing. The cherries have no stones, the trees give no shadow, for their leaves turn edgewise to the sun, and some of its quadrupeds have a beak and lay eggs.

**WALKING ON THE WATER.**—A person in London recently attempted to walk upon the water, and succeeded. He had an air-tight vessel on his back and another on his breast, both worn under his clothes; he also had small paddles of a peculiar kind on his feet, which added his progress. These arrangements enabled him to walk on the water with ease.—The idea is worth experimenting upon.

**STOVES** made of soapstone have been introduced at Quebec. They are said to throw out a mellow and more uniform heat than iron; the material of which they are made is very abundant in the mineral region south of the St. Lawrence.

A SPECIMEN of glass work, turned and finished in a lathe, was lately shown at the Great Exhibition, London.

## Things that Farmers Should Know

Every thing that tends to increase the profit of farming must directly or indirectly benefit the farmer by raising the value of his land. Every effect has its cause, and there are unfortunately so many preventible losses in agriculture that I propose one by one to enumerate them.

Animals differ in no degree from ourselves in the appreciation of a dry bed and a dry skin, a warm corner in winter and a cool place in summer. How imploringly will cattle and sheep stand at the field gate in bad weather, when they know there is shelter for them elsewhere. How quickly sheep will avail themselves of a wooden huttle, a hard road, or even a wheelbarrow or a piece of board to lay upon, so as to avoid contact with the wet ground: to them damp sheets. It is a well known and admitted fact that a saving of one-third in food results from providing shelter when required. Add this gain, or deduct the 33 per cent of loss over fifty-six millions of acres, with their tens of millions of animals, and you are astonished at the sum total.

Exposure, even in dry weather, to a sharp wind, abstracts an immense amount of caloric from the body, which must be made good by the fuel or fat of the food. Even with well-wooled sheep this takes place in a degree, and it must interfere with their repose, for we cannot rest well when cold.

It is surprising how easily one may extemporize effective shelter. I find it undesirable to house animals and turn them out in the day; the extreme variation gives them cold. I therefore thresh my first wheat, stack the straw, thatch it ready for next harvest, place it on a pasture, surrounded it at some distance with hurdles, throw down a little straw close to the stack, and make this the night fold yard for my cattle. Here they get their enke, bran or dry food. Bullocks soon establish, by rubbing and grooming themselves, a comfortable arcade of straw on either side, or at each end, according to the wind. Under this they lie comfortably ensconced, free from driving rains or strong cold winds, and in the day time, weather permitting, go to their feeding ground.

The act of grooming themselves gives cleanliness, and stimulates circulation in the skin, and pays well in the health and condition of animals.

There is no currycomb or horse brush so effective as good strong reedy wheat straw, free from weeds, especially if you have shaved or trimmed the stack.—Where reaping by hand is still in practice, a good hawthorn stack answers well. If farmers knew how cheaply a close shed or covered yard could be erected, and how much it influences and preserves the condition and quality of animals and manure, they would erect them.

I have a shed, 57 feet long, and 35 feet wide, the walls 8 feet high, a single span and space-slatted roof. This will accommodate 30 two-year old bullocks. I have at present in this shed 27 two-years-old short horns. They appear closely packed, but have ample ventilation. It may be box system on a large scale.

The straw under them is invariably cut by steam into two-inch lengths, and readily forms a homogeneous mass. It need not surprise us that strong reedy straw, so cut, readily absorbs urine, for in cutting it gets split and broken; thus the spongy inside of the straw at once absorb.—The cost of cutting it by steam power where an engine is on the premises is insignificant.—*Prof. Mechi, England.*

It is said that pumpkins fed to milch cows have a tendency to dry up or diminish the quantity of milk, but if the seeds are removed before feeding, the flow of milk will be augmented.